Bull. Royally, why it containes no King.
H.Per. Yes (my good Lord)
It doth containe a King, King Richard lies
Within the limits of yon lime and stone,
And with him the Lord Aumerle, Lord Salisburie,
Sir Stephen Scroope, besides a clergie man
Of holy Reuerence, who I cannot learne.
North. Oh be like it is the Bishop of Carleil.
Bull. Noble Lords,
Go to the rude ribbes of that auncient Castle,
Through brazen trumpet send the breath of parlee
Into his ruinde eares, and thus deliuer,
H.Bull. on both his knees doth kisse king Richards hand,
And sends alleageance and true faith of heart
To his most royal person: hither come
Euen at his feete to lay my armes and power:
Prouided, that my banishment repeald,
And lands restored againe be freely graunted,
If not, Ile vse the aduantage of my power,
And lay the summers dust with showers of bloud,
Rainde from the woundes of slaughtered Englishmen,
The which, how far off from the mind of Bullingbrooke
It is, such crimson tempest should bedrench
The fresh greene lap of faire King Richards land,
My stooping dutie tenderly shall shew:
Go signifie as much while here wee march
Vpon the grassie carpet of this plaine;
Lets march without the noyse of threatning drummes,
That from this Castles tottered battlements,
Our faire appoyntments may be wel perusde.
Me thinks King Richard and my selfe should meete
With no lesse terror then the elements
Of fire and water, when their thundering smoke,
At meeting teares the cloudie cheekes of heauen.
Be he the fire, Ile be the yeelding water,
The rage be his, whilst on the earth I raigne.
My water's on the earth, and not on him,
March on, and marke king Richard how he lookes.

The trumpets sound, Richard appeareth on the walls.

Bull. See see, King Richard doth himselfe appeare,
As doth the blushing discontented Sunne,
From out the fierie portal of the East,
When he perceiues the enuious cloudes are bent
To dimme his glorie, and to staine the tracke
Of his bright passage to the Occident.
Yorke Yet lookes he like a King, beholde his eye,
As bright as is the Eagles, lightens forth
Controlling maiestie; alacke alacke for woe,
That any harme should staine so faire a shew.
King We are amazde, and thus long haue we stoode,
To watch the feareful bending of thy knee,
Because we thought our selfe thy lawful King:
And if we be, howe dare thy ioynts forget
To pay their aweful duetie to our presence?
If we be not, shew vs the hand of God
That hath dismist vs from our Stewardship;
For wel we know no hand of bloud and bone
Can gripe the sacred handle of our Scepter,
Vnlesse he do prophane, steale, or vsurpe:
And though you thinke that al as you haue done
Haue torne their soules, by turning them from vs,
And we are barren and bereft of friends:
Yet know, my maister God omnipotent,
Is mustering in his cloudes on our behalfe,
Armies of pestilence, and they shall strike
Your children yet vnborne, and vnbegot,
That lift your vassaile hands against my head,
And threat the glorie of my precious crowne.
Tell Bullingbrooke, for yon me thinkes he standes,
That euery stride he makes vpon my land,
Is dangerous treason: he is come to open
The purple testament of bleeding war:
But ere the crowne he lookes for liue in peace,
Ten thousand bloudy crownes of mothers sonnes
Shal ill become the flower of Englands face,
Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace,